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Stay Sexy and Don't Go On a Blind Date in Tabiona

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Myself
Logan, UT
04 December 2018

Stay Sexy and Don't Go on a Blind Date in Tabiona Memorant

Informant: My name is Susan Mary Swan. I was born here in Logan, Utah in June of 1996, to Jamie and Jason Swan. I am the 2nd oldest of 5 siblings, 4 girls and 1 boy (the baby of the family). But my older sister passed away as a baby, so I was raised as the oldest. We lived here in Cache Valley until June 2007, when we moved to North Carolina. We lived there for nearly 5 years and then moved to Arlington, TX in January 2012. I came back to Logan in August 2014 to attend Utah State University. In August 2015, I left on a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. After living in Australia for a year and a half, I returned home in February 2017 and worked for a few months in both Texas and Idaho, and then re-enrolled at USU in August 2017. I am currently enrolled in USU as an Art major, with a minor in Folklore.

Context: As single people, we all have our fair share of horror stories when it comes to dating. And I myself have plenty of experience with the horrors of dating. This is a story of one of my most memorable "worst dates". I was about 16 or 17 and I came from Texas to spend a summer in Utah. I was staying with my cousin, Jaicee, of the same age at the time, and she decided to set me up on a blind date so I would go out with her and the guy she was kind of dating at the time. We were in Tabiona, UT which is down in the Uintah Basin near Roosevelt. It's a little one light town in the middle of nowhere.

Text: The date started ok, we met up with the guys and I met my blind date for the first time. I wasn't that impressed. He was a scrawny little dude and was way more interested in hanging with his buddy than going on a date with me. So they had apparently decided to take us fishing... it's a backwoods area there haha so that's pretty much all they did for fun. Well I don't know about you, but it isn't necessarily my idea of fun. The guy dating my cousin [I honestly don't remember either of their names] had a little fishing boat that we took out to one of the local reservoirs. And we headed out with our poles and bait. It was kinda boring for a little while cuz the fish weren't biting where we were, but we chatted and joked around for a bit before moving to a new spot and casting again. So, the order we were sitting in the boat was my cousin's date, my cousin, my date, and then me on the end. And I was sitting behind my date.

And at this point he picked up the pole and prepared to cast it into the water. As he did, he swung it behind him and smacked me full on in the face with it. And if that wasn't bad enough, when he realized what happened and pulled it back, the hook had gotten stuck in my hair on the back of my head. So as he tugged it away from me it pulled my hair and my head forward and ripped out a chunk of my hair. It hurt so bad! I had a big 'ol welt across my face and we no longer needed flies as bait because the hook was coated in my hair! It was a mess. He apologized we all kind of laughed it off, but at this point I was pretty ready to go home. My cousin of course wasn't ready to leave her date so we pressed on. We finished fishing and decided to drive up to the local water tower thing up a large hill where teenagers would hang out sometimes. My date had driven separately to meet us at the fishing hole so at this point my cousin volunteered me to ride with him and she would ride with her date. THIS DUDE COULD'VE BEEN A MURDER!! After all, he'd already tried and failed once to kill me with his fishing pole. But being the pushover I was back then, I reluctantly climbed into his beat-up old Jeep Wrangler in which he had stripped out the interior. As we headed up the hill to the water tower, I struggled to keep up the small talk and noticed that not only did his Jeep suck on the inside, but it's suspension was shot so the rocky/gravelly trail up the hill was not ideal. We felt EVERY bump... and with each bump I was skyrocketed into the top of the car, slamming my already sore head into the exposed metal roof. Because, although the car's suspension was shot, the suspension of the seats worked just fine to act like a spring board and launch me into the roof. It was not pleasant... By the time we got up to the water tower, I had a raging headache and wasn't the happiest camper in the tent. I gave my cousin the eye and tried to signal this date was over for me, but she shrugged and continued hanging onto her date. After

awhile, we got kinda chilly being up there and so they all finally decided to go home. I was so relieved. When we got home, I made my cousin promise never to set me up with a blind date from Tabiona again.

Texture: As I wrote out this story, I was reminded of how irritated I was about the whole ordeal. I hadn't told many people about it before so I was kind of fun to write out. I can laugh about it now, but it was such a struggle when I was there. I remember feeling angry at my cousin for making me go through with it. Irritation at my date for sucking in general. Pain because I had been beaten up all night. And relaxation after I came home and it was all over. It kind of reminds me of dating now, quite honestly. Only the pain and stuff is all emotional, usually. Lol, it's all a frustrating roller coaster that is the life of a young adult. But as hard as they are in the moment, I am glad I had these experiences to laugh about now and relate to others occasionally.

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